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Past, Present, and Future Void

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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

No. This isn't how it's meant to be. No. I picked my head up from my knees. This is so stupid. God, I hate this. Hayden was looking out the sliver of light out of the back. Jack was staring at me, Hunter was doing the same thing I was; hugging my knees with my face down.

Just, let me say this, when your stuck with your ex-boyfriend, boyfriend, and supposed future boyfriend. It is really awkward.

Jack opened his mouth and then shut it again. I understand why he didn't speak. It's hard to come to with words to summarize being abducted by ISIS and then shoved into a taco truck. The first 20 minutes of being in here, I yelled at Jack for thinking this was, and I quote,"A fricking Lysol Commercial?" Who thinks being blindfolded then thrown into a car is a part of a Lysol Commercial. Than again, it's Jack.

I got up and pulled on the chains restraining my wrists and did a weird hobble over to Jack. Hunter looked up with his huge blue eyes then back down. I got far enough to rest my head against Jack's shoulders and whispered,"I love you."

"I love you, too." But, Jack didn't say it. I looked to the window that was usual closed by a curtain, now you could see black cloth with eyes holes. Great.

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Jack was the diplomat, Hayden (my past) was intelligence, and Hunter was strength. I'm the support, a trained medic in my lower thirties.

We rolled out onto the side of a street at the city limits of Venice, Florida. How far was that from Atlanta, Georgia? Do I have my phone, still? Can I call my office to let them know I kinda got kidnapped, or will I be dropped for quitting unannounced?

I needed to get home.

Ohhh, I hate it when people go after me.

Chapter 3 by Windlion



You haven't lived until you have to try and grab a few hours sleep crouched behind a dumpster in Venice.

Florida, that is. I haven't been out of the country, so I don't know about Italee-ya. I'll bet they don't have dumpsters, or if they do, somebody cleans them up once in a while.

The guys are talking to each other quietly. That's good, I guess, given that they've all been my f-bee's at some point along my timeline ... this is too messed up, I should never have ...

No, never say should. The other ways might have been worse.

But a smarter person would have read the fine print on that site offering a way to manage your past, your present, and your future all at once with this new miracle herb.

It was pretty wild at first. I could check out the week ahead, be ready for whatever life threw at me when the day arrived, and zip back to the past to correct anything I screwed up.

I might have grown a little overconfident. Sleeping with three guys, yes, that was normal stupid. Doing weapons for bitcoin deals on the side, that was elite class ... and I didn't think about what changing the past could do to the future that became my present.

That doesn't make sense, but the

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